

# Barry Gibb carries £50 to satisfy mad urges!

**A**S a schoolboy my father claimed I had a "magpie mentality." I used to hoard ridiculous trinkets for no apparent reason. Everything, I believed would one day be of use.

My friends' collections of the usual marbles and inevitable nails and pieces of string were nothing compared with some of the junk I used to stuff into my trouser pockets!

Even today I seem to carry with me enough oddments to stock several jumble sales.

I reason that I should be prepared for any eventuality. In fact, I virtually need an inventory before I leave the house.

Psychologists, they say, can analyse characters from the contents of women's handbags. The same, apparently, applies to men's pockets.

To try and get a brief insight into pop stars' characters we invited top names to stand-and-deliver. Or, in other words, asked them to submit to a brisk "Disc Frisk."

**T**O kick off we cornered Bee Gee brothers Barry and Maurice Gibb, and colleague Colin Petersen, in their dressing-room at "Top Of The Pops" just as they were changing from "civvies" to stage clothes.

"You'll find nothing on me!" exclaimed Colin, as if confronted by a detective from Scotland Yard. "I'm clean. I never carry anything in my pockets."

He was right too. Only object in the Petersen pockets was a pack of cigarettes—in which he also kept a few loose pound notes and key to his beloved Ferrari. Very interesting!

It was different with Maurice however. "Here you are," he offered, dragging objects from his black velvet suit. "Help yourself!"

On to the table went: one comb (black), £20 in fivers, one pound note, three half-crowns and a threepenny bit, half a packet of fashionable Dunhill fags, a gold-and-black "Playboy" bunny club lighter, key to a hired car (the Rolls, you may recall, is being repaired!), and a silver "Zodiac" medallion attached to the key of his house.

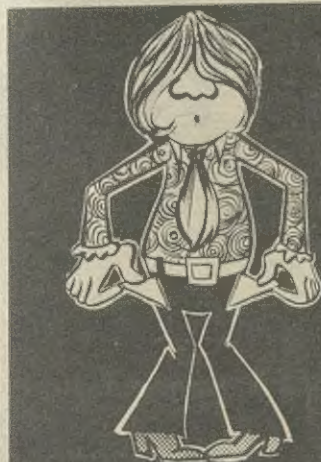
Big brother Barry, though, like Colin, had little to declare. "I keep almost everything I need in the car," he confessed, but still agreed to join in.

His total: one driving licence, a cheque-book, packet of Player's No. 6, a hairbrush, and the phenomenal sum of nearly £50 in different denominations!

So what conclusions do we draw from their collection of personal possessions?

Bee Gees, on the whole, appear typical of most top-bracket groups. Beatles and Stones, for instance, are known to carry only the bare essentials—usually hard cash. Largely due, maybe, to the fact that they are in the public eye and their expensive clothes are made-to-measure, tight-fitting, and with a minimum of pockets.

Colin and Barry definitely fit into this category. Colin rarely wears a jacket and finds that by slipping his keys and cash into



**Disc  
Frisk**

Mike Ledgerwood  
asks the stars  
to empty their  
pockets—then  
analyses the contents



**Bee Gees: Maurice and Barry Gibb with Colin Petersen ... dressing room divestment**

his cigarette packet he keeps his essentials together. He obviously travels light and is well-organised.

Money, as everyone is aware, is Barry's trademark. It may not rule his life—but he is rarely without a small fortune!

If I was wealthy enough to carry the staggering sum of £50 around with me all day I'd be terrified of being bonked on the head.

"Yes. That's a thought!" grinned Barry. "I'll have to watch my step."



Des O'Connor ... horn-rimmed specs

But the reason, he claims, is that he's nicknamed "the mad shopper." Something of a spend-thrift is an understatement. He virtually buys everything he sees. And if he runs short of ready money there's always his trusty cheque-book!

The hairbrush as opposed to comb perhaps shows a streak of vanity. Cigarettes a necessity. But why a driving licence and no car key? Perhaps he leaves it in the car. Obviously a very trusting sort!

Maurice is similarly moneyed, but now a married man with responsibilities he must be careful how he spends. Only intriguing items then are the "Playboy" club lighter (perhaps you'd better ask about that, Lulu) and the key-ring with a "Capricorn" medallion.

"Yes," laughed Maurice. "The medallion is interesting. Actually, I'm 'Sagittarius'!"

Like his brother then, he has expensive tastes, but is not so frivolous.

**D**ES O'Connor in slick suit, unfamiliar horn-rimmed glasses, and well-shined shoes is a picture of sartorial elegance. Stick him with London's brolly-swinging bowler brigade and you'd never guess he was a pop star.

He was in his smart City clothes just along the corridor at the BBC when we grabbed him.

"I don't know what you'll make of me," he admitted, eyes

twinkling, as he turned out his pockets.

Top of the list was a race-card—out-of-date! Then there were five cheque-books. Each for different accounts—some just empty stubs. But all were covered with a mass of names and telephone numbers. Cash, on this occasion, was loose. Between £10 and £15 in pound notes held together in a gold money-clip. Keys came next: Two bunches, one for his London flat and the family home in Surrey. A separate ring for his swish Aston Martin.

Next came those specs! The mysterious, heavy-rimmed tinted pair it's not generally known he wears. They're an admirable disguise. There was also a driving licence and "Advanced Motorist" test certificate. One snowy white handkerchief. A felt tip pen. A nail file. Diners' cards. And assorted bills—paid and unpaid.

So how does Des measure up? The race-card is an obvious sign of a betting man. "I am a bit of a punter," he admits. "But then I've a couple of racehorses of my own." He may also be slightly superstitious since the gold money-clip is his good luck charm—given to him by the impresario Leslie Grade.

Those cheque-books, the diners' cards, and the Aston Martin denote a distinct touch of affluence. Five different accounts show he's not exactly broke, but is obviously careful with cash.

He never, on the other hand, hangs on to coppers (pennies, that is!) or threepenny bits. He explains: "I hate them in my change. Throw them into a box somewhere and give the lot away as a tip at the end of a run!" Also generous!

While those scribbled names and numbers may be a sign of

forgetfulness, he says: "I never have paper to write on. Cheque-book covers are my notebook." And the pen—"For autographs and gags!"

The immaculately tailored suit and shiny shoes, reluctance to spoil the cut of his clothes with loose change or bunches of keys. This with the nail file and handkerchief are all the hallmark of a man particular about his appearance. Absence of a comb to control that quiff is surprising.

That "Advanced Motorist"

award—how many Aston drivers could claim this?—proves he's similarly careful on the road.

So what about the specs? "I have weak pupils," he reveals. "Have to wear them to rest my eyes."

"I once got ragged about them. A waiter commented: 'It's the big star bit, is it, Mr O'Connor?'"

"I took them off. Shoved the menu at him and said: Tell me what it says, will you? I can't see a thing!"

## THE JAZZY GENTLE ROCK OF CIRCUS

JUST SIGNED WITH  
TRANSATLANTIC

**Benedict**